

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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Sparkling Too Long.

A young man was telling some of his acquaintances how he had gone back on his girl because she was sarcastic, and they asked him to explain what he meant. He said that he was spending the evening with her and he noticed that she seemed to be absent-minded or tired, or something. About 2 o'clock in the morning he said she started up suddenly in alarm and exclaimed: "My, what is that?" He said he didn't hear anything, and she said she thought it was a milkman coming with the milk. He said that was too sarcastic, and he would never go to see her again. Well, probably he couldn't suit her any better. Some fellows overdo the thing entirely when they go to see a girl, and nothing will break them of the habit of weeping out a girl like some sarcastic remark like that. Sometimes the father of the girl will come to the head of the stairs and ask the girl if the morning paper has come, or if she will tell her visitor to tell the hired girl when he gets ready to go. These things may look to a young man to be sarcastic, but his conduct warrants it. There is no girl who is well, and wants to keep so, that wants to sit up all night with an ordinary young man. She has got to have some sleep or she is not worth the powder to blow her up. She can get all the information that she has to impart in six or seven hours, and every hour he stays after that is a dead loss. Some young fellows never know enough to go. They speak of it being time to go at 10 o'clock, and the girl, to be polite says: "Oh, don't hurry away. It is early yet," and the galoot thinks she means it, and he goes into camp for a few hours more, and all the time the girl is on nettles. She wishes the house would take fire, or that he would be seized with a cramp, so she would get out. She knows that she will be the laughing stock of the whole family, and wishes he was in Gahena, but he stays as though he was sitting up with a corpse. No girl wants to seem impolite, and no one will yawn behind a handkerchief, or hitch uneasily in her chair, and pray for relief, and when the stayer does finally go, she will skip up stairs three at a time and give a sigh of relief. We understand that a petition has been sent to the police, signed by about a hundred girls, asking them to arrest any young man found on the way home after 12 o'clock at night, unless he can give an account of himself. A girl ought to have cheek enough to tell a young man, when he has remained long enough, that it is time to retire, and if he does not go, call a servant and have a mattress spread on the parlor floor, and go off and leave the delicate young man to stay all night if he wants to. This is written at the request of a number of young girls who have become pale and hollow-eyed from being kept up until early hours of the morning by smart Alecks who will know enough to go home after this. [Milwaukee Sun.]

Some little time ago Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has so identified herself with the cause of anti vivisection, called on a distinguished man of science in London the other day to endeavor by persuasive speech and viva voce argument to gain him over to her cause. Three points were observable in Miss Cobbe's outward presentation, namely, she had an ostrich feather in her bonnet, a bird of paradise on or near her muff, and she carried an ivory handled umbrella. Consequently the distinguished man of science replied as follows: "Madam, charity begins at home. When you have given up wearing ostrich feathers, which are picked from the living bird, causing the most exquisite pain; and birds of paradise, which, in order to enhance their beauty and luster, are skinned alive; when you have abjured the ivory, because you know that the tusks are cut out of the dying elephant's jaw—then, and then only, come and upbraid me with the cruelty of my operations. The difference between us is, madam, that I inflict pain in the pursuit of knowledge and for the ultimate benefit of my fellow creatures; you cause cruelty to be inflicted merely for your personal adornment."

A story is told of Gen. Jubal Early that in company with a brother officer he had attended church once where the theme of the preacher was the Judgment Day, when the earth and sea should give up their dead. "What would you do General, if all these people the preacher spoke of should pop up around you?" asked his companion. It was during the closing days of the Confederacy, and after a moment's silence, Gen. Early, with characteristic profanity, responded: "I would conscript every mother's son of them."

Mr. F. G. Delaney, of Norfolk, Va., writes: "It gives me great pleasure to experience once more that glorious good feeling of perfect health. I was buried in despair, my back constantly pained me, and from head to foot I felt thoroughly ill. I could not walk across the yard without fatigue. Nothing I ate agreed with me. Doctors could do me no good. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters. They have given me perfect health and strength."

The "Overflow Bug" of California.

The following extract from a note from one of Prof. C. V. Riley's correspondents, communicated by him to Nature, is interesting as showing how ground beetles, which are usually beneficial to man, may at times become a great nuisance. The insect properly called an "overflow bug" in California, is scientifically, the *Platynus mucrocollis*. We lived, says the correspondent, in Fresno county two years. It is hot and dry there, thermometer ranging from 96° to 108° for about three months. In June and July, when hottest and driest, the "overflow bug" filled the air between sunset and dark. One could not with safety open his mouth. They would light all over one's clothes; they filled the house; they swarmed on the table; in the milk, sugar, flour, bread, and everywhere where there was a crevice to get through. They were flying for about two weeks, and then they disappeared mostly or did not fly much, but were hidden under papers, clothing, and in every available place. They were all through the foot hills the same, and much the same in Los Angeles, about Norfolk, but they did not fly much in the latter place. In Los Angeles they seemed to be worse before the "Santa Annas," a hot wind from the desert filling the air with sand. Chickens, no matter how hungry for insects, refused to eat these pests. The visitation of these insects formed a veritable plague.

Talk at Home.

Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they dream is drudgery to learn from books, and even if they have to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have no mental stores enough for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation; and what unconscious, but excellent training is lively social argument! Cultivate to the utmost the graces of conversation.

It does not seem to us that the officials of Kentucky are experimenting to see how much the people of the Commonwealth will stand, without breaking through the restraints of moral propriety, and damning the whole multitude. * We do hope that the recuperative energies of Kentucky may outlive the criminal imbecility of the present dynasty, and shutting their eyes on what the future has in store for them, implore Divine Mercy to protect the Commonwealth until its end shall come. If the next is to be a duplicate of the present democratic Legislature we will take a republican one, and if the democracy can make no improvement in the selection of a chief Executive for the Commonwealth, we'll trust to Providence, and take Tom Buford and John D. White. [Kentucky Telephone.]

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the establishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But the woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her hidden sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart. [Washington Irving.]

In Pompeii, recently, a very beautiful fountain was found among the ruins. It is said to surpass in beauty any of the fountains hitherto dug up there. Venus is represented as rising on a shell, with Cupid in her arms. Other spirits of love are seen here and there in the waves, while in the background appears a nereid, or water nymph, near a dolphin, with her arm thrown around the neck of Cupid. In the foreground, on the shore, are two draped women looking at the merry group in the water.

IRON ORE IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Chattanooga, Tenn., is rejoicing in the discovery, in Mitchell county, N. C., of two veins of magnetite of superior quality, one eighteen feet, the other thirty-four feet wide. The veins were out while tunneling for a railway on the property of the Cranberry Iron Company. This discovery insures, it is thought, an abundant supply of steel-making ore for the Chattanooga district.

The New Haven Register gives the following excellent directions as to how to tell a good onion: "Hire your best girl to eat one raw, and then call upon her. If the onion is good your stay will be short."

On the order slate on the door of a carpenter shop in this city a passing pedestrian discovered the following: "Cum to—'s Lieke store a Dore to fcs." [Rochester Herald.]

A Check on Reputation.

In the important opinion of the United States Supreme Court, delivered yesterday in the case of the Southern Bank of New Orleans against the authorities of that city, Mr. Justice Field characterizes the Louisiana "premium bond act" of 1876 as "the most remarkable piece of legislation ever presented to this Court for consideration." By that act the Legislature, with unscrupulous audacity and disregard of the public faith, prohibited the levying of a tax for the payment of the New Orleans consolidated bond of 1852, which had been regularly issued under the authority of the Legislature, and of which there are now about four million dollars outstanding. This legislation, which was upheld by the highest court of Louisiana, is now very properly declared by the Supreme Court at Washington to be repudiation of the most open and flagrant kind. The fact plainly and directly impairs the obligations of the contract made by authority of the State with the holders of the bonds, and thence is set aside as unconstitutional. New Orleans will now have to pay the interest on the bonds, and ultimately the principal. This decision ought to be a wholesome warning to every Legislature which may be disposed to repudiate the just obligations of the State and thereby forcibly rob those who have trusted to its honesty and honor.

ORIENTAL INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE.

—It needs a very long time and much bitter experience to teach the European how lightly an Oriental stakes his life, how quietly he pays forfeit when he loses. Be it a savage foe or a remorseless climate against which he plays, the low caste Hindoo will wager death and torment for a few copper coins. I had a theistic in that war who was invalided from frostbite, and the probably lost both his feet, while all the time he was carrying in his knapsack the good English boots and long, warm stockings I had given him. These he meant to sell, putting them on only when sure to see me; but he wanted to secure a great price. And he tramped barefoot, he slept in cotton clothes, when the thermometer fell below zero, until he sacrificed his limits, perhaps his life. Playing the same stakes against a human enemy the Hindoo is still more reckless. [Belgravin.]

WHY HE WOULDN'T HIRE HIMSELF.—A prominent ex-Confederate officer, now residing in Washington, started out the other evening to find a man servant. He met a pretty good looking colored man and asked him if he could recommend a good servant. The colored man regretted that he could not. "What are you engaged at?" asked the ex-Confederate. "Why can't I employ you?" "I am not doing anything just now," was the reply; "but I expect to have a seat in Congress in a few days. My name is Lynch, and I am contesting the seat of General Chalmers." [Washington Star.]

A lunatic at the asylum in Utica, New York, is a United States pensioner, and the largest one in the United States. Since 1866 he has been paid \$8,280, while his arrearages amount to almost as much more. By the various acts of Congress he is entitled to receive the same pay as if he had lost both eyes, both arms or both legs, insanity leaving him as helpless as if he were entirely crippled. It does not do him much good as he is unaware of his wealth or distinction.

The new material known as leatherette is being brought into use in numerous mechanical and ornamental applications. It is so perfect an imitation of leather that people are utterly unaware that they are handling something other than leather itself, and its serviceable nature renders the detection still more difficult. For all uses to which it has been applied, the article is said to have proved nearly, if not quite, equal in serviceableness to natural leather.

A young woman of Idaho answered an advertisement of a firm of marriage brokers, who soon afterward sent her a bill of \$26.50 for advertising, threatening, if she did not pay it, to publish the letter. She preferred to pay the bill. Young women should never deal with such agencies. They had much better remain single until their love is demanded by the spontaneous outburst of a manly heart.

Some of the stuff on sale in St. Louis as butter is shown by an official investigation to be made chiefly of lard. The oil is pressed out, and the remainder is colorless, odorless and tasteless. This substance is called "neutral," and to it is added a real butter to give it a flavor.

A physician on presenting his bill to the executor of an estate of a deceased patient, asked, "Do you wish to have my bill sworn?" "No," replied the executor. "The death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

James Jones had a \$500 coffin. Two preachers officiated at his funeral, and the choir sang, "Oh, What a Friend We Have in Jesus!" And yet some people wonder that Bob Ingersoll is a power in the land. [Augusta Chronicle.]

Rejected lovers need never despair. There are four-and-twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind. [De Fenod.]

A Precarious Picklock.

A twelve-year-old black boy, named Coleman, was brought before the United States Commissioner at Baltimore, Md., charged with robbing the private letter boxes in the city postoffice.

The locks on these boxes are of a kind supposed to be proof against picking, and the authorities could not believe the little rascal's admission of guilt. So the marshal of police and the assistant postmaster took the little fellow to the postoffice, where he gave them an exhibition of his skill in opening burglar-proof locks. He had a little strip of wrought iron which he had hammered very thin, and, putting this in the keyhole of a box and giving it one or two slight taps with his finger, open flew the box as if by magic. Box after box he opened in the same way.

Among locksmiths of Baltimore the case has excited, it is said, the widest interest, and the discovery that these locks can be picked may lead to an entire change in them. Government experts are already studying the case. The boy Coleman was sent to jail by the commissioner to await the action of the grand jury on his case.

Now would appear to be a good time for some inventor to bring out an unpickable lock suitable for postoffice use.

GIFTED FOOLS.—There are wonderful idiots in the world besides "Blind Tom."

In an idiot asylum in London there is one man who can tell the time of day or night without watch or clock. Ask him at any time in the morning, or on waking him from a sound sleep: "Charles, what time is it?"

"Thirteen minutes and a half past four," as the case might be. Physicians and learned men had made every attempt to explain the possession of this remarkable gift.

Another has built a ship, full rigged throughout, a man of war, with every rope and spar perfect. It is six or eight feet long, and he worked on it for six years.

He was a very fine-looking man; yet he is an idiot and his mother was one.

When once you have determined to fatten an animal for beef, let the process be as quick as possible. Any stint in feeding at such times will tend to make the meat tough and dry. Small-fed animals will fatten more readily than others, and young animals require richer food than older ones. In winter fattening, do not forget that much depends upon the warmth of the stable. The warmer the cattle are kept the less food will be needed.

DIGITATED STOCKINGS.—"Digitated stockings," with separate apartment for each toe, are the latest. You can put in a half an hour fitting them on, same as a glove, and the next thing will be to have them button, sixteen buttons, of course, being the height of every girl's ambition. [Boston Post.]

It is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America; but, then, the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.

A subscriber writes as follows: "I feel at once my appetite and strength greatly improved; my excretion less painful and less copious; my cough less troublesome; my sleep sound, refreshing and dreamless; my nervousness is all gone; my breathing less difficult; my heart's action more regular; my backache less severe; my digestion improved; my urine clear and voided without pain; my spirits more exuberant; my mind perfectly at ease; and yet I have only used half a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters."

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Stanford, Ky., February 17, 1882. J. BLAIN.

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D. KLASS.

We are glad to observe that Hon. Joe Blackburn has on the part of the minority, presented a report against the allowances agreed upon by the majority of the Committee appointed to audit the expenses of President Garfield's illness and death, which are so outrageously large and out of all proportion to the services rendered. The idea of paying Bliss \$35,000, Drs. Agnew and Hamilton \$15,000 each; Drs. Reyburn, Boynton and Mrs. Edson \$10,000 each and Crump \$3,000 is simply preposterous, and in recommending such sums the committee shows a reckless disregard for the public funds that can not be too severely censured. It amounts to nothing more than a consent to a raid upon the treasury, by a lot of adventurers, who, with but two exceptions, could not earn half the amounts they demand were they to practice a full life time. Mr. Blackburn concedes that a liberal compensation should be allowed, even in excess of what the medical attendants could have earned in their ordinary practice, notwithstanding they exhibited no extraordinary skill in the treatment of the case; but while willing to be liberal, he, nor the minority he represented could consent to such extravagant and wanton lavishness of the public funds. He also very justly protests against the recommendation to promote certain military officers connected with the case, believing that the Committee has no jurisdiction to make such recommendation. He therefore asks that the majority report be recommitted, with instructions to take proof of the value of services rendered, and in case of the surgeons to make such allowances only as would be properly chargeable to the estate of the late President. This is the only way to settle the matter. It is simply a matter of business, from which silly sentimentality to be entirely divorced.

And now the Adjutant General is in trouble, and in a way that surprises even his most intimate friends. To be sure he presents a very utterly too too appearance while bedecked and arrayed in his military trappings, but no one had ever suspected Gen. Nuckolls of being a masquerade. Therefore, the news that he has attempted to play that role and even gone so far as to lay violent hands on the woman he was laying for, and make an indecent proposal to her, will of course be taken by those friends aforesaid, as a lie manufactured out of whole cloth. But such is the charge, which seems to be taken for confessed, since the General has planked down not exceeding \$500 as a compromise for a \$10,000 damage suit brought by the lady, who is a married woman and said to be respectable. It is also said that in addition to the \$500, the General had to make a very meek and humble apology to the irate husband who, besides filthy language, panted for gore; yes, red gore. Well, one by one the roses fall, one by one we lose confidence in those we had thought, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, and in our vexation of spirit we can but exclaim with the Psalmist, "No man is virtuous, no, not one." In justice to the General let it be recorded that he denies that he made improper advances to the woman, and his word has always passed as good as his bond on all previous occasions.

SPEAKING with its usual dictatorial spirit about the rural press, the *Courier-Journal* in defending Henry, has this to say: "With a gullibility, which might at least have restrained its one-sided and *ex parte* expressions of condemnation, if it did not admit a ray of suspicion as to the sources of the charges, quite a number of Democratic newspapers fell into the trap so artfully set by the enemy to destroy a Democratic nominee." The *Courier-Journal* is just as much responsible for their falling into the alleged trap as the "enemy" for it failed to give the particulars of the affair, but at the same time hinted at it in the following mysterious manner: "Capt. Henry left on the mail boat this morning. He found his visit to the city neither pleasant nor profitable, which fact will be emphasized before the matter is dismissed from public attention." The *C-J.* can't play the role of the great and only fair man in the matter. It's own columns will give that lie.

THE *Shelby Sentinel* says that Col. T. P. Hill, of Stanford, is a probable candidate for Congress in this district. Lord bless you, child, you never were more mistaken in your life. Colonel Hill would not accept, if tendered him on a silver salver, the best office in the gift of the people, and he is about the only man in Kentucky that would not.

THE Central Committee has at last reported on Capt. Henry's case, the substance of which we give below. Capt. Henry made a very manly statement of his case to the Committee, in which he acknowledged to having gotten drunk, but denies emphatically that he had made any indecent exposure of his person, or had insulted ladies, and neither of these charges were sustained by the witnesses examined. The Captain in his letter, expressed deep regret that he had allowed himself to get intoxicated, and says he is heartily ashamed of it and promises that such a state of affairs shall not occur again. He was willing to withdraw from the contest if the Committee thought that his remaining a candidate would jeopardize the party, or to submit to any action it took in the matter. His words have the ring of the true man about them, and we are inclined to think that the people will forgive him. This is the report:

The committee presents the manly, earnest letter of Capt. Henry, and the testimony embraces the statements of all the witnesses to the affair, and feels that it may with propriety make public the unanimous conclusion of its members that the nominee of the party, who comes endorsed by his friends and neighbors as an honorable man and qualified for the position, did not in any way expose his person or use improper language within the hearing of a single lady.

The committee agree fully with Capt. Henry that it is very unfortunate and improper that he became intoxicated, but we believe further that he sincerely and honestly regrets his offense, which, censurable as it is in this as in all cases, is not of the grave character that attacks his integrity as a man or forfeits his claim to the support of those whose delegates gave him the nomination of the party. The public generally recognizes the temptation to which candidates are subjected, and while the disposition to censure Capt. Henry indicates a wholesome sentiment among our people, we should not go so far as to sacrifice an honorable man for the single offense which he does not deny and so solemnly pledges himself not to repeat. J. M. Atherton, W. J. Stone, Asher G. Caruth, Lucius Desha, Jr., Ed. F. Madden, J. M. Wright, W. M. Beckner.

The capital removal business is settled after a good deal of time devoted to it, and the people of Frankfort, having been scared nearly out of their wits, can now possess their souls with peace. The question of removal came before the House on a bill which said the capital must be moved, leaving the point to which it was to be carried, blank. The Speaker ruled the bill out of order unless the blank was filled, and after much discussion, he was sustained in his decision. Then Danville was suggested as a proper place, but by a vote of 30 to 40, she lost the coveted honor. Louisville came next, and she too got the cold shoulder—40 to 45. Lexington was finally adopted, 48 to 37. The bill was then put upon its passage and strange to say, it was defeated, 35 to 52. That night Frankfort celebrated its triumph in a grand banquet. And now that the thing is to remain where it is, we hope the Legislature will not be niggardly in appropriating sufficient funds to make such improvements as are demanded to give the State-house an appearance creditable to the great State that owns it.

ONE of the most disgraceful scenes that the disgracefully inclined Legislature has presented to the world, occurred in the Senate chamber at Frankfort, Friday. A drunken Senator named Hayes, got mad with Senator George in regard to the part he took in the debate on the bill to remit \$15,000 to the penitentiary lessees, and not only called him a liar, but applied the dirty executive's pet epithet, a son-of-a—, a rough and tumble fight ensued which was stopped by the members before either was hurt. This and similar occurrences at Frankfort, during the last several months are fast bringing Kentucky into disrepute and odium.

THE *Richmond Register* has taken the trouble to inquire into the terrible state of affairs presented by the Committee appointed to investigate the treatment of the convicts, and finds that its report is false in nearly every particular. The Committee evidently went out to make the kind of a report that it did, else it would never have given so much apparent credence to the testimony of the convicts themselves. Their assertions or oaths either, for that matter, are in nine out of ten cases, entirely unreliable.

LEGISLATIVE.

A bill for the benefit of G. W. Penn, of Casey, was defeated in the Senate—7 to 19.

The Legislature has agreed to give the fish in Kentucky's streams the sum of \$5,000.

The House passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquors within 3 miles of Bernstadt, in Laurel.

A bill giving boarding-house keepers a lien on the baggage of their customers, passed the House.

The Senate has passed a bill to compel railroad companies to post up notices at stations of delays in passenger trains.

Col. C. E. Bowman was again appointed Commissioner of Agriculture, and gets \$1,000 to purchase seeds, and the auditor \$2,000 for an additional clerk.

Yesterday was the day set for adjournment, and we suppose it was effected since Gov. Blackburn has given out that he will call an extra session about July 1st.

The Senate voted to appropriate \$1,000 for a monument to Judge Elliott, and on motion of Senator Blair agreed to pay the widow of Hon. Paul J. Donnelly the per diem due him.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—W. T. Carrey, of Harrodsburg, died Friday.

—Col. John G. Ewe died suddenly of congestion of the lungs at Harrodsburg.

—The Cincinnati Grand Opera-house has been sold to David Sinton for \$200,000.

—Failures last week 124. The Western States present the greatest number, while the Southern show a steady diminution.

—Maclean, the man who shot at Queen Victoria, has been acquitted and ordered to be confined in the asylum for life.

—The comptroller has authorized a State national bank at Mayville, Kentucky, to begin business with a capital of \$200,000.

—The Lewis defeated Frank Woolley, Saturday, for Governor of Kansas. Lewis ran in the interest of the wife of the late Clerk.

—The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Kentucky, will meet in Cornington on Wednesday and Thursday, May 3 and 4.

—Venor predicts that there will be frosts in each month this year, and that May and June will have periods of blight and cold spells.

—The wife of the late Alphonso Taft, of Ohio, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria.

—The Marshal of the new town of Trade, Ky., killed the Menners, father and son, Sunday. The difficulty grew from their arrest under a charge of gambling.

—The Court of Appeals has decided that the atheist can not be deprived of the right to testify, and as to credibility, the same footing with other witnesses.

—Reports from Haywood, Tipton and Lauderdale counties, Tenn., and Mississippi and Crittenden counties, Ark., are that the frosts killed all the cotton, necessitating replanting.

—The town of Mantico, Louisiana, was completely destroyed by a tornado, Saturday, only three houses in the place being left. Ten persons were killed, and about twenty seriously injured.

—The wife of a colored preacher at Lexington has just obtained a verdict in the U. S. Court, at Cincinnati, for \$1,000 against the Southern R. R. for refusal to allow her to ride in the ladies' car. She sued for \$50,000.

—The long contest waged with the House of Representatives by Hallett Kilbourne came to a conclusion by a verdict of \$100,000 in favor of Kilbourne against J. G. Thompson, Sergeant-at-arms, for false imprisonment.

—In the United States Circuit Court at Charleston, S. C., the grand jury found a true bill against thirty-eight citizens of Barnwell county, charging them with obstructing voters at the general election in November, 1880.

—The Bible used in the U. S. Senate for swearing in Senators has been stolen. It has been in use for fifty-three years, and every Senator admitted in that period was sworn in upon its pages.

—The supposition is that it was taken by somebody as a relic.

—The Court of Appeals has affirmed the sentence of death against the negro Bush, who was convicted of the murder of Miss Van Meter, in Fayette county, whom he shot instead of her father, who he was trying to kill. He has had two trials, and in both was convicted of murder in the first degree.

—Maj. A. E. Richards having become a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, has resigned his position as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee. Hon. John M. Atherton, of Louisville, has been chosen his successor, and Maj. M. Wright elected to fill the vacancy on the Committee.

—There were three executions Friday. William Sindram was hanged in New York city for the murder of his landlady, Mrs. Margaret Crane, in Jersey City, 1881; Luther B. Taylor, white, at Corning, Ark., for the murder of Riley Black; George Bohannon, at Tolla, Mo., for killing William Hite in August, 1881.

—Five twin robbers ditched an express on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, in New Mexico, with intent to rob the express car, but by a mistake failing to get into the car, which contained \$500,000 in silver, were forced to flee. The robbers were seen by a train man and passengers rallying in force. The fireman was killed and the engineer and express manager badly injured.

—The Senatorial Committee on Education has reported a bill providing for the appropriation of \$2,000,000 to \$15,000,000 the first year, \$14,000,000 the second year, \$13,000,000 the third year, and thereafter a sum diminished \$1,000,000 yearly from the sum appropriated, until ten annual appropriations have been made, when all appropriations under this act shall cease. A great sum shall be expended to secure the benefits of common school education to all the children living in the United States.

A New Letter from Greensburg.

GREENSBURG, KY., April 24, '82

You do not often receive news from this peculiar portion of the vineyard, but I hope you will give this a place, nevertheless. The truth is I have not seen a copy of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* since your issue of the 11th, and consequently begin to feel lonely. Have been circulating for some days in this county so grievously blessed with taxes levied for the construction of impossible railroads; and while I find a people intelligent and hospitable, their social nature is hindered by a great extent paralyzed by the incubus of this hopeless imposture. It is strange that no remedy can be discovered for this dire disease which is slowly, but steadily exhausting the vitality and crippling the energies of what was once the best country in the State. Greensburg, which I knew some 35 years ago, as a flourishing, prosperous, fashionable and wealthy country seat, is now a dull, dilapidated and dispirited ruin, with little capital, business or enterprise. Many of its citizens in former years took up their stakes and removed to Louisville and their names now stand prominent in the lists of the business and professional men of the city.

Others just as estimable have stood by the old ship and are simply waiting for the time when she and they shall be engulfed together. There is something sad in the grim resolution with which these brave old hearts linger amid the faded glories of their once beautiful homes, and try to live with the memories of days that are gone forever. A very few of these stalwart monuments of the former Greensburg society now remain, and of these, only one is left—Mr. Wm. B. Allen. I saw him late Thursday afternoon. He was counting the hours with feverish anxiety, awaiting the arrival of the train by which he was expecting an absent daughter, Mrs. S. T. Wilson, of Louisville. She and her husband came, and I learn that his wrought up energies at once gave way.

The crops of the county, generally, were cut off by the drought of last year, but the unusually mild winter has enabled the people to pull through. There seems to be to-day a disposition to plant more corn and less tobacco. Preparations for the latter crop, however, are progressing; and while the fly is ravaging the plants, there is confidence in an abundant supply.

An affray occurred about 5 miles from this place on the 21st inst., between Messrs. Grant and Strang. The latter owns a mill at that place the former was getting lumber sawed. A dispute arose which culminated in Strang striking Grant on the head with a piece of lumber with such force as to literally crush his skull. He

died on the morning of the 23d. Strange, who is said to have formerly resided at Nashville, will probably have his examining trial to-day.

Geo. B. Hackley, of Garrard, is here in charge of the telegraph office, and in conjunction with Gen. Hobson, running the machinery of the county promiscuously. George is well situated, well fed, well satisfied, has made a good impression, and is just as happy as the largest sized sunflower ever raised by O. Wilde.

The funeral services in honor of Colonel Wm. Barrett Allen, were held in the Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon. He was one of the oldest citizens of Greensburg—having been born here May 19th, 1803, and hence had nearly attained the age of 79 years. His history is intimately blended with that of the county. His name also stands prominent in the annals of Kentucky Masonry—he having held the relation of P. G. M. about 50 years. During the last forty years he has not, I believe, been absent from a single meeting. Col. Allen was three times married. First to Miss Jane Pope Helm, of Elizabethtown, Feb. 26th, 1823; second, to Miss Hulda Wilcox, of Greensburg, Nov. 1, 1836; third, to Miss Millie N. Baker, of Columbia (who survives him), June 19, 1856.

The railroad connecting this place with Lebanon, which is merely a section of the line which was projected from Louisville to the Southern world at large, and which burdened so many counties with a ruinous tax, has proved of little or no benefit to the town; but after the almost utter failure of last year's crops it has proved the starvation of a large portion of the rural population of the county by enabling them to utilize for ready cash, their timber, in which a large business is done at this point, in consequence of which the necessities of life are made abundant. Even this resource, however, is greatly crippled by the miserably defective system of county roads prevailing here.

Last Monday, a Mr. Young, committed suicide near this place. He had a contract for building the new Presbyterian Church at Campbellsburg. When his Col. Allen was three times married. First to Miss Jane Pope Helm, of Elizabethtown, Feb. 26th, 1823; second, to Miss Hulda Wilcox, of Greensburg, Nov. 1, 1836; third, to Miss Millie N. Baker, of Columbia (who survives him), June 19, 1856.

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MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.

—Born to the wife of C. Crook, of Pine Hill, a daughter; to the wife of J. C. P. Myers, a daughter.

—To-day is County Court. No cases of importance on the docket. There are two cases to be tried.

—Your types made us say Mr. Whitehead was having his house whitewashed when it should have been weather-boarded. We make this correction because Mr. Whitehead is a single man, and it might injure his future prospects.

Marriage licenses issued by our county clerk since last report: Alexander Decker and Lucie Risher; John Chasture and Arminia Herd; Marion Ross to Margaret J. Herd; Charles Poff to Catharine Hanks Wm. H. Culyer to Mary Painter.

—Mrs. Georgia Jones and family, of Louisville, are visiting at J. J. Williams' for a few days. Col. Burdett has not returned home yet. The attractions at Frankfort are too strong for him to leave. Jas. F. Wallin, of Gum Sulphur, is in town. Feat at Hunt of Crab Orchard, is on going on our streets to-day. Judge Breckinridge, of Springfield, Washington county, was in town Saturday. Rockcastle is solid for him for Judge of the second district.

—We understand there was a disturbance at Buckeye church yesterday, which broke up the meeting for that day. As Elder Jas. Hiatt was opening the services, two very fast young men who had been drinking some of the mean whisky which is being sold in our county, arrived at the church and began to be very boisterous. Their friends tried to persuade them to go home, and finally got them started off, when one of the young men pulled his pistol and fired all the shot out of it as he galloped his horse down the road towards his home. The names of these nice young fellows are Buck Maret and Lyeurgus Fish. The former is the one who did the shooting at Buckeye. In the evening at Durham's Mill Church the same young men were there, still drunk. They continued their disturbances by hallooing and riding by the door, and cutting up generally. Young Fish pulled his pistol and fired five shots as they were riding about. These boys, by their reckless conduct, frightened the good people very much, "Bulldozed the whole crowd as it were."

The good people of that neighborhood should see that these nice young men suffer from the law of the land. While we sympathize with the parents of these boys, we have no sympathy for such conduct as this. Their parents should see that they are punished. The good name of the county depends upon it. We glory in the report of the reporter. He is not afraid to tell names as well as tales.—Ed.

Given Away.

We cannot help noticing the liberal offer made to all invalids and sufferers by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. You are requested to call at Penny & McAlister's Drug Store, and get a Trial Bottle free of cost, if you are suffering with Consumption, Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, or what was once called the Throat or Lung. It will positively cure you.

WARDEN McLELLAN'S OFFICE.

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MT. VERNON ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. M. OWENS

Is an independent candidate for Assessor of Rockcastle county, August election, 1882.

JOHN W. KERBY

Is a candidate for re-election to the office of Assessor of Rockcastle county, August election, 1882.

SAM M. BURDETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Will practice his profession in Rockcastle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

J. E. VOWELS'

VARIETY STORE!

MT. VERNON, KY.

Agency of South-Bend Chilled Plows, Avery's Cast and Steel Plows, Buckeye Reapers & Mowers, Sweepstakes Threshers, Mitchell Farm Wagons, New Home Sewing Machines, Taylor's Elastic Bed Springs.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY.

Miss BELLE HUGHES desires to inform the Ladies of this vicinity that she is constantly receiving a very handsome line of splendid new Spring and Summer Millinery, which she offers to the public at very low figures. Among her beautiful stock of Trimmings are all the latest designs, including the rage, artistic flowers. She has also a Mantua-Making department, where the greatest attention is given to the cutting, fitting and making of all kinds of dresses.

On and after APRIL 1, 1882, I propose to sell only for cash or country produce. My stock of Drugs and Groceries is full and complete, and marked down to the lowest cash figures, consequently I must have the money for them, or such articles as produce as I can handle, such as lumber, timber, staves and all the products of the farm and dairy, &c., &c. Give me a call.

E. S. HOOD,

Shelby City, Ky.

29-2 mcs

MILLINERY

Mrs. Kate Duddar

—Lancaster street—

STANFORD, - KY.

In daily receiving new and beautiful Millinery goods of every description and everything of the latest styles and no lady who intends buying anything in her line should fail to call on her. Prices as low as the lowest. She is thankful for past favors and hopes for their continuance.

Mrs. Mollie Myers has charge of the Mantua-Making department, which is all that is necessary to say in regard to it.

30-41

HIGGINS HOUSE!

—STANFORD STREET—

LANCASTER, - - - KENTUCKY.

JOHN T. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

IN A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

Every particular. The patronage of the public solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. (12-17)

ST. ASAPH HOTEL

Main St., Stanford, Ky.

JOHN DINWIDDIE, PRO'R.

OPENED FEBRUARY 22, 1878

BOARD, \$2.00 PER DAY.

Special Accommodation to Commercial Travelers.

Baggage Transferred Free of Charge

I have recently taken charge of this house and intend to have first-class accommodations.

MYERS HOTEL,

STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop'r.

This Old and Well-Known

Hotel Still Maintains its

High Reputation,

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that

it shall be Second to no Country

Hotel in the State in its Fare,

Appointments, or Attention

to the Comfort of

their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

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Full

Jesse James and the Somerset and Monticello Banks.

"The late lamented Colonel Jesse James called upon you once for a cash donation, did he not?" asked a Post reporter of Judge T. T. Alexander, who formerly resided at Columbia, Kentucky.

"Not upon me individually, but upon the bank of Columbia, of which I was president."

"Was it ever known definitely who was in the party at that time?"

"Yes; we learned shortly afterwards the names of all concerned. The gang consisted of Frank and Jesse James, two of the Youngers and Jarrotte."

"When did the transaction take place?"

"It was on Monday, April 29, 1872. I was not in Columbia at that time, and therefore did not witness the high-handed act, but I will never forget the affair. After killing Mr. Martin, the cashier, because he would not deliver every thing over to them, they took what they could find and departed. Their tactics were about the same as those made use of on other occasions, that is, some went in the bank while the rest frightened the citizens by firing up and down the street."

"How much did they get?"

"They only got \$1,000, which, I reckon, was about the smallest sum of money they ever raided a bank for. You see, they did not come up into that region to rob the Columbia bank. They had selected the bank at Somerset, twenty-five or thirty miles East of Columbia, as their objective point on that raid, but were prevented from making the attack by a very peculiar circumstance. They entered Somerset on the Friday previous to the attack on Columbia, and after reconnoitering the situation were just getting ready to begin operations when the incident referred to occurred, frustrating their design, and causing them to abandon the undertaking."

"One of the party entered the bank to have the customary talk with the cashier; another was posted on the corner close by to observe the movements of citizens, while the other three went after the horses. Two of them mounted, and started in the direction of the bank, and the other followed, leading the horses of the two who were planning for the attack and robbery. The arrival of the first two on horseback was no doubt understood to be the signal for the man on the corner to join his comrades in the bank, when the work was to begin in there; the two mounted men were to keep the citizens from approaching by indiscriminate firing. The man leading the two riderless horses was to have them ready by the time the work was accomplished, so that the two men in the bank could run out, mount and all retreat out of town together. But fortunately for that bank and unfortunately for Mr. Martin and the bank of Columbia, when the financial member of the gang entered he saw something that caused him to alter his plans. Two men, one a stock raiser of that county and the other a male trader from the South, between whom several transactions in their line of business had taken place, had appointed that day and that bank as the time and place to make a settlement, and when they came to compare accounts they could not agree. Both were hot headed and impetuous, and instead of trying to reconcile their differences they got mad; hot words passed, and they came near having a fatal encounter. The quarrel was raging furiously when the bandit--it was Jesse--entered the bank. Both had their pistols drawn, and the cashier was between them begging them to desist, and preventing them from shooting each other. When Jesse's educated eye saw what was going on he either knew it was no good time to inaugurate a robbery, or thought the gang was being watched, and the row between the traders was only a ruse resorted to in order to throw them off their guard until they could be surrounded."

"He took but one glance at the engaged traders, and turning on his heel he walked out the door, signalled to his followers that the jig was up, and when the two horses were led up the road out of town, and all five of them rode out of town, and in the direction of Monticello, and stopped for the night at a country store, where a political meeting had been held during the afternoon. The candidates were still there, and the bandit gang represented themselves as stock traders, entered into the discussions that were going on, and had a good time generally. The next day they rode over the hills of that region and spent the night on the Cumberland river, and on Sunday they turned their horses' heads toward Columbia, and stopped for the night at a farm-house a few miles from the town. The next day one of them entered Columbia, purchased a few articles at the store, examined the location of the bank and, after satisfying himself that all was quiet, he returned to his companions and about 2 o'clock they dashed into town and did their work of murder and robbery. As soon as the citizens recovered from the helpless condition into which they were thrown by the sudden dash of the murderers and robbers, a pursuing party was organized, and followed them several miles, but they did not come up on them. They found the place, on a creek a few miles from town, where the band halted and divided the spoils. They took from the bank a package of papers belonging to me, and these were found where they stopped. The papers were of no value to the highwaymen, and were left where they divided the money, and I got them back."

"Where did the band go from Columbia?"

"They went to the Salt river hills, in Nelson county, and remained there several weeks before leaving the State."

"Was no effort made to capture them?"

"No. There was no direct evidence that the men in Nelson county were the men who committed the crime, but there was a strong suspicion that it was them, but it was a very dangerous undertaking, and they were not molested. I received several anonymous letters, offering to show me where the band was hiding, and how their arrest could be effected if I would go to a certain place, but I thought then, and I still think, that the letters were written by some of the gang to entrap me, and I therefore paid no attention to them."

"(Lou. Post.)

Helping Editors to Obtain News.

Some supposed friends of a newspaper have peculiar ideas as to what kind of items a paper really requires. Not long since a gentleman came into the Galveston News sanctum and said:

"Look here! You miss a heap of live items. I'm on the streets all day; I'll come up every once in a while and post you."

"All right, fetch on your items; but remember, we want news."

Next day he came up beaming all over. "I've got a live item for you. You know that infernal bow-legged gorilla of a brother-in-law of mine, who was in business here with me?"

"I believe I remember such a person," said the editor, wearily.

"Well, I've just got news from Nebraska, where he is living, that he is going to run for the Legislature. Now just give him a blast. Litter him out of his boots. Don't spare him on my account."

Next day he came up again. "My little item was crowded out. I brought you some news, and he hands in an item about his cat, as follows:

A REMARKABLE ANIMAL.—The family cat of our worthy and distinguished fellow-townman Smith, who keeps the boss grocery store of Ward No. 13 (between on tap), yesterday became the mother of five singularly-marked kittens. This is not the first time this unheard-of event has taken place. We understand Mr. Smith is being favorably spoken of as a candidate for Alderman."

The editor groans in his spirit as he lights a cigar with the effort. It is not long before he hears that Smith is going around saying that he made the paper what it is, but it is not independent enough for a place like Galveston.

Many readers will say this sketch is overdrawn; but thousands of editors all over the country will lift up their right hands to testify that they are personally acquainted with the guilty party.

A Warm Invitation.

Jesse B. of Raleigh, N. C., was engaged in the lightning-rod business. He had just put up the necessary rods for a farmer, and was judging from a certain unpleasant sensation in the region of the diaphragm that the hour of dinner was at hand. In other words, he had not tasted food since early that morning, and knew not where his next meal was to come from unless he was invited to dine with farmer B.

At length, after some hesitation, the farmer said: "It's about dinner hour, but the old woman is away from home to-day, and I hardly know what to do about it; but if you will take pot luck with me, you are welcome to dinner."

Jesse thanked him, and the two wended their way to the dining-room. They found nothing to eat save a dish of roasted potatoes and a pot of mustard.

After being seated, the farmer asked Jesse to take some potatoes.

"No, I thank you," said Jesse. "I don't like potatoes."

"Well," said the farmer, not in the least disconcerted, "just help yourself to the mustard!"

Jesse told the story, and says it was one of the warmest invitations he ever received.—[Detroit Free Press.

Having a Twelve Hundred Dollar Time.

"You want to know, do you my son, why it is with all your management you can't live on your salary and are always in debt at the end of the year? Well, I'll tell you. Telemachus, why it is, and it will not cost you a dollar for the information. It is because you are trying to have a \$1,200 time on a \$900 salary, and it can't be did. Older men than you have tried it and failed right along. A \$600 boarding-house and a \$300 livery bill just exactly cuts the last coupon off your salary, and then how the man who makes your clothes expects to get anything out of you is more than I can tell. Yours is a simple case and you can apply the remedies yourself, and perform the necessary operations without the presence of a consulting surgeon. 'Will it hurt?' My poor boy, you bet your last bottom dollar that it will hurt. It will make you squirm a thousand times a day, until you get out of debt, and then you'll feel as though you were in Paradise. Begin treatment at once; the longer you wait the worse your case will be, and the more you'll dread it."

It is easy enough to make some men even long for death. They're so ill-natured that if you just persuade them that the world can't get along without them, and this isn't much of a job, they will want to die out of pure ill-will toward mankind.—[Boston Post.

Don't Do It.—Don't seek the temporary feeling of health and strength resulting from the use of beer and ale or other malts and alcoholic compounds. The after-effects make you feel worse than before. Permanent health is sure to be found in that best of all iron preparations, that friend to temperance and long life known as Brown's Iron Bitters.

Dropping into Poetry.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady, timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or partly composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. My friends they are real nice, as far as they go, and pa takes the *Engle* every day."

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as yellow as golden rods. There was an expectant look on her face—a hopefulness that appealed to the honest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses, and if you would please be so kind as to help me—"

Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering mystery. Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes: "How soft and sweet the autumn air The dying woodland fills, And nature turns from restful care—"

"To anti-bilious pills," added the exchange editor, with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now, the second verse is more like this:—"

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor Look tender, green and mild, While from the valley comes the roar—"

"Of the matchless liver pill!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second verse so as to match the first. It combines the fashion with poetry and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open the poetry business to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh yes! Where you keep the theme up it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:—"

"How sadly droops the dying day, As night springs from the sky; And mourning twilight seems to say:—"

"The old man's drunk again," wouldn't do, would it?" asked the exchange editor. "Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now, just suppose we say: 'Why did I spout my Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy lips. "At least I never heard it before. I don't know what it means."

"New? Don't be new. Ben is the name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. 'Why did I spout my Ben?' means why did I shove my topper? That's just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don't be afraid—that's just immense."

"Well I'll leave it to you," said the glorious girl, with a smile that pined the exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This is the last of the verse:—"

"The merry old maid's sombre song Re-echoes from the rocks, As silently she trips along—"

"With holes in both her socks," by Jove! cried the delighted exchange editor. You see—"

"Oh, no, no!" remonstrated the blushing maiden. "Not that."

"Certainly," protested the exchange editor, warming up. "Nine to one she's got 'em; and you get fidelity to fact with wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can't state things as they are. It ain't like prose. But here we've busted all established notions, and put up an actual existence with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that's the best idea we've struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:—"

"As silently she trips along In Autumn's yellow track, 'Wouldn't that do?'"

"Don't just look at it. Does tracks rhyme to rocks? Not in the Brooklyn Eagle it doesn't. Besides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks' you give the expression of some fellow heaving things to another fellow who's scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the other hand, rhymes with 'rocks' and these beautify them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and, by describing her condition, shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you're right," said the sweet angel. This is the way the fifth verse runs:—"

"As close behind, the farmer's boy Thrills forth his simple truths, And slips behind the maiden—"

"And splits his pantaloon!" Done it myself, know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste paste. But it is with a saddened heart that he snips and pastes among his exchanges now. The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict, the other day, "produces remarkable revelations; here am I, for instance, in ten short months, changed from a sighing lover to a loving wife."

The word "dear" is one of the greatest inventions of the English language. Every married man can say "My dear wife," and no one can tell just exactly what he means.

An Old Fashioned Editor.

We were grieved to read the other day of the death of one of Michigan's most famous editors—almost the last man of a land who published weeklies in the State when a cousin would pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn damped on the office floor stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except for the tax list and mortgage seals, and he measured short even on time. One day in the years gone by this paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was doing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began:

"You are a coward, sir—a coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.

"And I can lick you, sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark as he bustled the wrapper off his only exchange.

"I'm going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, and go over to Ionia and pay five cents a line to have it published!"

"Hey? queried the old man as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay five cents a line to have it published."

"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark. "I've got 200 more circulation than the *Banner*, and I'll publish your attack on me for two cents a line and take it out in mill feed or corn stalks! Don't trot over to Ionia when you can build up your own town!"

Mark would have pushed it word for word, just as it read, and thrown in a cut of a jackass free gratis, but the official cooled off.—[Detroit Free Press.

Why Called "Benedict"?—In Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" there is a young lord of Padua named Benedict, who, though he does not love her, marries Beatrice, after a courtship of wit and raillery. Since then the name has often been used as a synonym for a newly married man. It is now generally written Benedict, although this is not the orthography of the bard of Avon.

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For a quarter of a century or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the recognized specific for indigestion, dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical system, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been recommended by the highest medical authorities as a health and strength restorative. It cures a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

LOOK OUT, FARMERS!

The Harvester War—Beginning of a Great Harvest for the Lawyers—Binding with Twine.

[Chicago Tribune of March 24th, 1882.

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 23.—The visit of Mr. William Lathrop, of Rockford, Ill., and Mr. Charles C. McKim, of Chicago, to this city, has been the subject of much comment. Mr. Lathrop is a well-known lawyer, and Mr. McKim is a well-known architect.

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ABDALLAH GLENCOE!

Black's Hambletonian!

By Rysdyk's Hambletonian (Sire of 35 trotters with record letter) and the celebrated trotter, Long Island Black Hawk. He by the renowned trotting horse, Andrew Jackson, out of the noted trotter, more fully Miller, by Tippecanoe, grandson of Imp. Messenger, 2nd dam by Sun of Devon, by Imp. Messenger, 3rd dam by Coffin's Messenger, by Imp. Messenger. This high bred trotting stallion, was bred in Orange, Co. N. Y. Will make the season of 1882 at my stable, 25 miles from Columbus, Ohio, for \$500.00, or \$200.00 to insure. Breeder and others interested are respectfully invited to call and see the horse trot. Address: Columbus House, Danville, Ky. 20-2m

ABDALLAH GLENCOE!

My combined stallion, ABDALLAH GLENCOE, will stand the present season at my stable, 25 miles from Columbus, Ohio, for \$500.00, or \$200.00 to insure. Breeder and others interested are respectfully invited to call and see the horse trot. Address: Columbus House, Danville, Ky. 20-2m

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